



OPEN LETTER, No. 9.

To the People of Lincoln County.  
In the Danville Advocate of the 20th instant, appears the response of Mr. J. A. Lytle to my open letter addressed to the people of Lincoln county in the issue of the INTERIOR JOURNAL of the 30th ult. He predicates the necessity of a response upon an apprehension that those who do not know him might construe his silence into an admission of the charges I have brought against him; from which it appears that he is only solicitous in respect of the opinions of strangers, and totally indifferent as to the conclusions the people of his own county may form. He is surely too modest to intimate that his reputation is so immaculate that it cannot be affected by anything I may say, supported as I am by the record of his own court.

Avering, as I have heretofore done, that this controversy is not of my seeking, nor consonant to my taste, I nevertheless propose, again in an open communication, to vindicate the truth of my charges against Mr. Lytle, and to assure him, that however adverse I may be to unpleasant controversies, I shall not stop short of, if need be, producing such testimonials as will carry conviction not only to the stranger whose approbation he covets, but to the acquaintance whose good opinion he prizes.

I notice the points (?) in his letter (or more properly speaking, perhaps, his apology) to the people of Lincoln county, not in the order he chooses to present them, but rather in the order in which reference was made to the same matters in my former letter.

In attempting to excuse his ill-treatment of me in his office on the occasion referred to, he admits his invitation to me to walk into his office to settle a matter of extra-accounts subsisting between us, and says he had no thought of using "even any hard language" until the settlement was made, but that "in a conversation which then ensued the matter came up," and in talking to me about my course towards him, he "did use strong language" towards me. Pray, what matter came up, and who brought it up? Who introduced the conversation upon any matter which was calculated to result in harsh language?

He does not so much as indirectly deny the version heretofore given by me, nor in fact does he deny in express terms or by fair inference any statement on the subject that I have made, except to say that he did not "foster the door or use or manifest any force whatever towards me." His denial in this particular is in keeping with his whole course of conduct on that occasion. But his denial presents an issue of veracity between us, as to the door being fastened, and in so far as he assumes to say that his conduct and general demeanor did not indicate any purpose to resort to force; for I have only affirmed that his conduct gave me sufficient reason to believe that such was his purpose. If there be a question of veracity between us, I am content to submit it to the verdict of the public, feeling assured that I can convict him of misrepresentation on so many other points that the force of this statement will be destroyed as to this. I could produce testimony of unquestionable credibility that he announced his intention to several persons a short time previous to carrying it into effect, that he intended to have satisfaction from me for publishing the paragraphs to which he took offense. I reserve this proof for the present, preferring to destroy the weight of his testimony as before stated. He proceeds to say that when the matter of his ill conduct was investigated by the grand jury "sixteen sworn and disinterested men unanimously voted against finding an indictment against me (him)." This is wholly untrue. Eleven of the grand jury were in favor of returning an indictment against him, and only five opposed. No formal vote was taken, but it was well understood such was the division of sentiment. I do not charge that the five who opposed did so upon grounds of political and personal partisanship for Mr. Lytle; I only refer to those who are enough interested to form an opinion, to the records of the court showing the composition of the jury. Why is it he is careful to suppress one very important and startling fact connected with this investigation, viz: that he went before the grand jury himself and testified as to the occasion in his office? Does he not know that such conduct is not only without precedent, but in open and flagrant violation of law? Thus in the very act of availing himself for an infraction of one law, he is guilty of an outrageous violation of another.

I do not say that Mr. Lytle knowingly violates the law, for knowledge of the science of which he assumes to be a judge is one of the minor matters with which he is not overburdened; and he evidently "offsets the inconsequence of congested wisdom" by the reflection that "when ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise."

In his communication Mr. Lytle makes no effort to explain away the paper which he thought he could easily, with fastened door and brawny arms, and blustering affect, force me to sign. This I assume he admits,

otherwise why should he omit mention of it in what he "concocted" to be "the true version of matters." In reply to his Billingsgate, I will merely say that I write for an intelligent and cultivated community, and hence have adopted a standard of diction too high to admit of a resort to such indecent expressions. I did not go to Judge Owsley and detail to him the circumstances of Mr. Lytle's ill-treatment of me. I went before the grand jury in obedience to Judge Owsley's order, to the truth of which Judge Owsley and Sheriff Saunders will testify.

Referring to the allowance made him for his services as judge at the rate of \$6000 per annum, he says the rate was against his protest. This statement I flatly deny. No protest was made, none was entered. He remarked when the question of his allowance was raised, that he did not care about any being made at that time. No objection was made by him to the rate of allowance, and in fact no objection or protest made with reference to anything connected with the allowance—only an expression of difference as to whether it be made then or some other time.

If at any future time Mr. Lytle denies this version, I pledge myself to prove it by such testimony as will make him quail. I moreover charge, and will prove it if denied, that when the order of allowance was first made, it appeared in this form: "Ordered that J. A. Lytle be allowed for his services as Judge of Lincoln County Court at the rate of \$6000 per year from the first day of September, 1874, to 15th October, 1874, to be paid out of the county levy for 1875," and that on the next day thereafter Mr. Lytle made the calculation as to the exact amount allowed, and directed the Clerk to interline the order with the words, amounting to \$75," which was done. I further charge that at a special session of the Court of Claims, held on the 10th day of the present month, one of the magistrates stated in open court that the people were complaining a good deal that Mr. Lytle had so soon violated the conditions upon which he was elected, and suggested in an informal way that the allowance be cut down from the rate of \$6000 to \$5000 per annum, and that Mr. Lytle viewed the suggestion with such disfavor as to treat it with silent contempt. If he were really opposed to the rate of allowance, why did he not speak then? The opportunity was golden; but Mr. Lytle remembered that the poet had said that silence was golden too, and "like the ass between two bundles of hay, he retained his dignified inertia."

But in the midst of his flimsy explanation of his salary grab, he does not even pretend to extenuate, much less to justify his pocketing exactly \$12 50 belonging to the people of the county, which he got for services never rendered. Since his war-cry of "Retrenchment and Reform," I desire to impress by repetition, that Mr. Lytle with his own hand made the calculation showing the amount to which he said he was entitled, and dated the calculation from the first day of September, 1874, directed the Clerk to so enter it upon the record, when in fact he did not enter, and could not have entered, on the duties of his office until the 7th day of September. If he wants to do the fair thing, why does he not refund this money? It is not his by law nor in good conscience; and I now call public attention to the grievance, and as a citizen of the county appeal to the magistrates to compel him to disgorge.

I notice but one other point in his communication. He says that I assured him that he were elected my paper would give him a cheerful support, and that he responded, he desired no special favor and would not object at any time to a just criticism of his official acts. I am tempted to say that since he has embodied this statement in his communication, thereby inferentially inviting criticism, that I will give it to him without "sale, denial or delay," and yet in charity I am inclined to forbear. Of course I make no pretensions myself to any legal knowledge which would justify an attempt at criticism of the official acts of a judicial officer! But one whose business it is to hear and find out what is talked of in all circles of society, cannot fail to hear what is said by those who have some pretensions in that direction, and I might epitomize the criticisms of others if I were so presently inclined; but I now choose to defer that, simply stating for the present that, Mr. Lytle is not rightfully Judge of the Lincoln County Court, and of consequence is not entitled to any salary whatever. I charge that since his installation in office he has exercised and performed the duties of a United States officer, which fact of itself deprives him of the right to hold an office under the Constitution of Kentucky.

Section 18, Art. VIII. of the Constitution of Kentucky reads as follows: "No member of Congress, nor person holding or exercising any office of trust or profit under the United States, or either of them, or under any foreign power, shall be eligible as a member of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, or hold or exercise any office of trust or profit under the same."

The office of Postmaster is one of trust and profit under the United States, and although Mr. Lytle may, or may not, have tendered his resignation

as Postmaster before he was sworn into office, I nevertheless charge it to be true that he has, through a deputy, discharged the duties of that office since his qualification as judge, and that the postoffice returns and other official transactions have been signed by him in person. But it matters not whether he did the signing himself or it was done by an authorized agent. It is all the same in law. And it matters not whether that agent performed the duties as his deputy for years without ever having taken the oath as the postal laws require; it is all the same in law. Mr. Jas. R. Warren, the present Postmaster, was not appointed until a few days since. The postoffice business must have been transacted in the name of somebody; somebody must have been responsible for the conduct of the office, and that person is no other than Mr. J. A. Lytle. He is not therefore legally Judge of the Lincoln County Court, and every order he makes is void, and every execution he makes from the Quarterly Court makes him liable to the party whose property is taken in an action of trespass.

The people of Lincoln county, when in a happy condition, indeed, when the natural course of one of their important courts is blocked up by the manifest illegality of the Judge who undertakes to discharge its duties. And the striking feature of the matter is that there is now no remedy. If Mr. Lytle were ineligible at the time he was qualified as judge, his qualification was void and all that he does during his whole term of office will be of no effect. His bondsmen are especially interested in the investigation of this matter.

By giving pardon of the patrons of the JOURNAL for intruding my own personal matters upon them, while endeavoring to conserve the interests of the people of the county, I will not pursue this subject in any future issue unless a response to this makes it necessary, in which event I will crave such indulgence as will permit me to go into further detail, and submit proofs of what I have averred.

F. J. CAMPBELL.

PUBLIC OPINION.

By way of affording Mr. Lytle a glimpse of "himself as others see him," I give below extracts from papers of the State whose editors have brains enough to form an opinion and independence enough to express it:

"If the Kuklux have any desire to redeem themselves, and earn the respect of all decent people, they can do so by suspending operations against the helpless and unoffending, and traveling about the State hanging just such officials as this Mr. J. A. Lytle, County Judge of Lincoln. Can't the Shelby county Kuklux and the Todd county Kuklux join together and ride over to Stanford and exercise their talents on the Judge of the Lincoln County Court? If they will do this, we, for one, will agree to forgive them for all their past deviltry."—Daily Louisville Tribune.

Judge J. A. Lytle is County Judge of Lincoln county, and also a rowdy, it would seem. \* \* \* Lincoln county ought to be very happy in such a Judge. His Honor has tried to force an apocryphal declaration upon the editor of the JOURNAL, and receives instead something else. We are for Campbell."—Louisville Saturday Review.

The most unique, and at the same time, one of the most unpardonable outrages lately recorded in Kentucky, considering the official position of the perpetrator, is reported from Stanford. \* \* \* The County Judge, who proceeded to adopt a mode of revenge that fully proved the justice of the editor's criticisms and his own unfitness for the judicial office."—Frankfort Yeoman.

"The actions of Judge Lytle seem to have been most cowardly, and reading the details, one cannot help wish that his intended victim had let out a little of the bad blood which could lead a man to attack one so much smaller than himself under such circumstances and in such a manner."—Columbia Farmer's Journal.

"In an 'open letter' to the people of Lincoln county, the editor of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, in his paper of last Friday, gives what appears to be an impartial statement of the whole affair; and in it he republishes the offensive paragraphs, and very clearly proves what had been previously alleged. More than this, it is shown that the County Judge 'accepted and pocketed \$12 50 of the county money, to which he had no claim whatever.' Mr. Campbell's letter is calm, dignified, gentlemanly and well written, and should commend him with increased consideration to the good people of Lincoln county, whose interests alone he has sought to conserve in this controversy; while the course and brutal conduct of Lytle should receive their severest censure, and that censure should be expressed in such definite form as to cause him to be deposed from the position which he disgraces."—Richmond Register.

"The extracts to which Mr. Lytle excepted are certainly in no sense in sullying to or abusive of Judge Lytle, but contain only a legitimate criticism of certain inconsistencies between the Judge's declarations when a candidate and his acts after election. So far from retracting what he had previously published, (in obedience to Lytle's threats) Campbell re-asserts it, with additional items. He declares that during the canvass Lytle was a cheap salary candidate and said that he would not receive more than \$5000 per annum, even if offered to him; but that at the first court of claims after his election he accepted payment at the rate of \$8000 per annum. Mr. Campbell also shows that Lytle not only 'accepted' payment at a rate per annum greater than he, when a candidate, said he would receive, but that the claim allowed by the court included payment for a week's salary (\$12 50) more than had been

earned at the date of allowing the claim. He certainly fastens the matter down upon the Judge in a manner as unexceptionable in style as it is conclusive in matter. Whilst the 'open letter' is neither aggressive nor abusive it is mainly, dignified and firm and places Mr. Campbell in a position which should command the respect of all his fellow-citizens of Lincoln."—Harrodsburg People.

"In the next issue of his paper Mr. Campbell addressed an 'open letter' to the people of Lincoln county, in which he repeats the epidemics from the Judge's recent limbs in a manner that doubtless made his Honor twist and squirm like a wounded worm. It is a high time that county officials were learning that they are as much open to criticism as the President and other servants of the people. If they are wrong they must appeal for protection to legal tribunals, and not take the law in their own hands, even though it be the terrible potentate of a county court."—Shelbyville Courier.

The Carlisle Mercury copies the above and endorses it.

We give an unusual amount of space to an article from THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, a Democratic newspaper published at Stanford, concerning an attack made by the County Judge of Lincoln county, upon the JOURNAL. We are for the newspaper man, and endorse his course in making known the facts concerning the Judge's official conduct. When an officer is afraid for his official conduct to be ventilated there is something wrong in Denmark."—Barbourville Mountain Echo.

"Mr. Campbell's course will meet with the approbation of right-thinking men everywhere. Such attempts to intimidate the press and prevent comment upon the public actions of public servants, will receive the unmeasured condemnation of all good citizens. Mr. Campbell should take fresh courage. The plaudits of 'well done' goes up from the press and people of Kentucky."—Hopkinsville New Era.

"The attack upon the editor of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, its manner and its provocation, was a very unusual affair, and one to be severely condemned."

The newly elected county Judge of Lincoln, and was caused by editorial comments upon inconsistencies and shortcomings of the said official, all of which are shown to be amply authorized by the facts in the case. This valiant conduct on the part of 'this Journal' denotes that he has been elected to a position that he is incapable of performing, in that being a conservator of the peace of one of his very first acts was to defy the law and infringe upon its prerogatives. He may yet learn that the pen when engaged in the cause of right, and a peoples interest, even though wielded by a weak and feeble hand, is a far greater power than was ever dreamed of in his official philosophy."—Owensboro Monitor.

"We have read the statements of Mr. Campbell in the JOURNAL, and they criticize the inconsistencies of the Judge touching the salary question, in the county, showing that Lytle, while a candidate, took the ground that he would not accept a salary higher than \$5000 a year, but had, since his election, accepted \$8000. They are written in temperate and proper language and are legitimate. Mr. Campbell, in his letter, reiterates the charges, and adds others equally damaging to this high official. Certainly the Judge has not increased his reputation by his inconsiderate and intemperate course, and so far as Mr. Campbell is concerned, he has properly vindicated his honor and the rights of a public Journalist."—Springfield Kentuckian.

"This is a cowardly way of seeking redress, and we are glad to see that the JOURNAL denounces the would-be assassin in severe terms. Mr. Campbell publishes one of the most fearless and outspoken papers in the State. He denounces all species of lawlessness, and his countymen should stand up for him, from his prosperous condition, we have no doubt they do. Mr. Campbell will make it warm for the assassin who dares the office of county judge, and he should be upheld in his warfare on lawlessness, whether it emanates from a disgraced county judge or from night-riders—they are all in the same boat, and should all be treated alike."—Mt. Sterling Sentinel.

"The attempt on the part of the county Judge to Kuklux Mr. Campbell can find no palliating excuse. If officers of the law are so ready to take the law into their own hands and inflict summary punishment on whom they please, what state of affairs can we expect to see that of lawlessness and outrage? The editor of the JOURNAL does nothing more than his duty in posting the people as regards matters that vitally concerned them, and had he not done so, would have been recreant to his trust, and we think all true men will rejoice with us in commending his independence of thought and action."—Spencer Journal.

"We advise the JOURNAL man to get a double barreled shot gun and load it with bacon fat and shoot that county Judge under the coat tail. It is a fine conduct of a public officer cannot be criticised through the columns of a newspaper."—Augusta Chronicle.

Going West!

We give our hearty and unequivocal endorsement to the following sensible, beautifully written article from the Harrodsburg People, and commend it to such as contemplate a removal to the Western country. A starving inhabitant of some sterile region of the country might reasonably conclude to risk the privations of emigrant life, but a Kentuckian who does that same thing commits an act of folly that is simply inexcusable. Read this:

Don't sit repining and longing to go West. Don't be silly enough to believe all that land agents and railroad maps tell you about the matchless fertility of the soil away out there, and the wonderful climate in that far and favored land. Believe us, that fully one-half they tell you is imaginary, or it is the result of one exceptional year. Do you not read that year after year, the country which they paint in such

attractive colors is visited by drouth, fire or grasshoppers? When they do raise a big crop it costs nearly all of it to get it to market. In those vast prairies the Kentuckian will long for the bluegrass meadows of his native State with a longing that cannot be uttered. When the Texas mother comes to child him in mid summer, when the keen winter wind pierces his bones on the plains of Kansas, or the summer breeze fills eyes and lungs with dust, with no streamlet or spring to quench the torturing thirst—then he will turn, O, so wearily, to the deep shadows of the woods upon Kentucky hills, to the murmuring rivulet, and gurgling springs of the dear old mother-land. Out there among strangers, each struggling for existence amid the rude trials of pioneer life, with no drop of kindred blood around you, no heart to rejoice in your success or grieve over your misfortunes, you will be lonely indeed. Once and for all abandon the delusion that everything is better from home than at home. That here alone are trials, disappointments and troubles. Get up and go to work with hearty good will. There is not a State in the South or West which bounteous Nature has so abundantly blessed with her choicest gifts. Work but half as hard, economize but half as closely here, as you will be compelled to do 'out West,' and you will prosper here beyond any well-grounded hope of prospering there. Nowhere in this broad land does the soil so certainly respond to the farmer's care. Who ever heard of a famine or anything like a famine in Kentucky? When has any one here called upon to rescue her citizens from starvation? Yet in the boasted West not a year passes in which some broad scope of country is not withered by drouth, consumed by fire or desolated by insects.

Kentuckians, stay at home! Your mother State is the best you will ever find, and should you abandon her the time will come when, weary and worn, your labor in vain and your time wasted, you will pray once more to lay your head upon her broad and generous bosom.

A terrible accident occurred at the Gas Works in this city on Tuesday night last—or rather, Wednesday morning—about 4 o'clock, by which three persons were burned to death. No one can give an intelligible account of the affair, and we are compelled to deal in supposition. From what we can learn it is supposed that Jack Mulquency, an Irish boy, who is watchman at the gas works, attempted to burn the gas out of one of the beehives in which the coal is eked, and the head of the beehive blowing out, enveloped the room in a burning sheet of gas. There was no one in the room except Mulquency, and two negro boys—Ed Tipton and Tom Thomas—and it is supposed they became suffocated by the escaping gas, and being unable to reach the door, they were burned to a cinder.

The bodies having been removed to the office of the gas works, we saw them on Wednesday morning, and a more horrible or sickening sight we have never seen. The bodies were burned to a cinder. The legs of one were burnt off, while the other two could hardly be identified, so charred and blackened were their remains. This is one of the most terrible and sickening accidents we have ever been called upon to chronicle, and the limited space at our command this morning precludes us as giving an extended account of the affair. As we go to press the coroner is holding an inquest on the bodies."—Mt. Sterling Sentinel.

THE contesting board in the matter of the clerkship of the Court of Appeals has decided that Captain Jones is disqualified to hold the office by reason of having accepted a challenge to fight a duel, and that the contestant, Mr. Cochran, has no claim to the office. This decision is that of a majority, the board standing three to two on the question of Captain Jones' eligibility. The decision declares the office vacant. A question as to the jurisdiction of the board to decide in reference to Jones' eligibility has been raised. It is claimed, and argued with great force, that the Governor being a ministerial officer, cannot by statute provision, be made a judicial officer. It is also claimed that the board had no right to decide upon the case so far as Jones' vote and certificate of qualification were concerned. We have no space to argue the question involved, but give it as our opinion that the Court of Appeals will sustain Jones' appeal when it is submitted.

The irrepressible Legge, whose insane partiality for other people's horses, is proverbial has not been heard from since his escape from the Lexington jail until a few days ago, in Missouri where he was caught at his old tricks. They first shot him in the shoulder and then tied him on a horse and ran him through the woods.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the Madison Circuit Court in the cases of Messrs. Faulkner and West, of Garrard, which gives them the certificates of election.

KENTUCKY BURGEO.

Dished from our Home Enclaves. MADISON.—Col. David Irvine enlightened the country upon the quality of the approaching winter through the science of goose-boneology. The winter will be short, dry and cold. Eld. N. B. Johnson closed a Baptist meeting at Crow Creek, in Estill county, with nine additions. Col. C. I. Miller, W. E. Embury and Thos. Tharp returned from a successful hunt in the mountains. Trophies: Five deer. Game plentiful. W. R. Letcher's daughter, age five years, was trod upon by a horse. Leg broken. Rev. J. V. Logan elected Professor of Ethics in Central University—salary \$2,000. Kingston is the home of a spunky femine. She made complaint to a

magistrate that a negro had attempted to commit a rape upon her. Three negroes were arrested on suspicion, and, when brought before the insulted and outraged woman, the recognized one of them as the wretch who perpetrated the death-deserving outrage, and, drawing a pistol, fired at him, the ball grazing the temple. The negro was held under bond for trial. A day's bride lingers lovingly outside the bars of the Madison jail, while her husband languishes within charged with carrying concealed weapons. The Register says it is a sad case and hopes she will break in or he scratch out. Married!—Will. B. Farris and Miss Bettie Morbory; on the 18th inst., Dr. J. Herndon and Miss Mary ones; on the 17th inst., Henry Phillips and Miss Nannie C. Rogers; on the 19th inst., Wm. S. Atkinson and Miss Louisa Pyscoe; on the 18th inst., Robert Hill and Miss Joanna Cockrill, daughter of Hon Harrison Cockrill. The Register says Madison county is in the humor to vote a half-million of dollars to any respectable rail road company in the land which will build a first-class rail road from Paris to Richmond.

MERCER.—T. C. Wilson has a bridge bit which was used by Henry C. Mosely in the war of 1812. Micajah Mosely, of Mercer, is one hundred and one years old and still retains his faculties well. The People urge the claims of Gov. B. Magoffin for the Governorship. It closes the article as follows:

"It is not a little strange that it has never occurred to the people of Kentucky that justice demands the election of Gov. Magoffin to the gubernatorial chair for which he may complete the term for which he was elected. Nor is it unworthy of remark that whilst the Democracy of Kentucky have rewarded others with more than ample generosity, they have hitherto been forgetful of the services rendered by one who was faithful and fearless in the wildest storm that ever swept over the State."

FAYETTE.—Three faro-dealers convicted and fined \$500, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment—Twelve indictments for murder returned.

FRANKLIN.—Distillery of Col. Robt. P. Pepper, near Frankfort, destroyed by fire, and 120,000 gallons of whisky burned.

SIMPSON.—A union meeting at Franklin closed with forty-five conversions.

BOOTS AND SHOES. CLOTHING! N. B. TEVIS, STANFORD, KENTUCKY, CASH CLOTHING HOUSE

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FOR—MEN AND BOYS FROM No. 0 TO 44. IN CONSIDERATION OF RECEIVING CASH FOR EVERYTHING! THAT LEAVES HIS HOUSE.

N. B. TEVIS SELLS EVERYTHING IN THE CLOTHING LINE! AT PRICES Lower than Louisville or Cincinnati.

A NEW Saddle, Harness & Repair SHOP! Over Chenault's Drug Store, STANFORD, KENTUCKY. J. R. HUGHES, [LATE OF LEBANON, KY.] Has permanently located in Stanford, and is prepared with ample stock, etc., to manufacture Saddle, Harness, Etc., at prices never before offered in Stanford. He understands the art of making plain good work cheap, and is installed in the art of doing the finest work at the lowest rates.

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IMMENSE STOCK OF DRY GOODS! To which we are constantly adding and which we intend to sell extremely low for cash exclusively. Remember the Place! THE TRADE PALACE! J. H. CRAIG, PROPRIETOR.

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W. M. CRAIG, FORMERLY OF STANFORD, KY., WITH J. & L. SEABONGOOD & CO. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS! Furnishing Goods & Trimmings. MANUFACTURERS OF CLOTHING! CINCINNATI, O. NEW YORK, No. 81 Walker street.

NOTICE! All persons having claims against the estate of H. Helms, are hereby notified to present such claims to the undersigned commissioner on or before the 1st day of December, 1874, properly verified as required by law. Special Commissioner of H. Helms's Estate.

THE LONG EXPECTED NEW YORK STORE! HAS ARRIVED AT LAST! BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS! THE ATTENTION OF THE Citizens of Stanford!

—AND THE— Farmers of Lincoln and Adjoining Counties! IS CALLED TO THE Permanent Location of the New York Store in Stanford.

The proprietors have just opened a large and well-selected stock of goods, consisting of

MEN'S, BOYS', YOUTH'S, AND CHILDREN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING! A FULL LINE OF Ladies', Misses', Men's, and Children's Boots and Shoes! AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF Men's, Boys', Youth's, and Children's Hats and Caps, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Etc. Which are offered for less money than in any other house in Stanford. ENQUIRE FOR THE NEW YORK STORE, ALFORDS BLOCK, MAIN ST., STANFORD.

MISCELLANEOUS. LOUISVILLE ADVERTISEMENTS. U. S. MAIL LINE STEAMERS FOR Cincinnati and the East. TWO BOATS DAILY. Taking close connection at Cincinnati with fast through trains for New York and all eastern cities. Meals and Staterooms Free. Fare same as by other lines. Tickets valid for 15 days. All orders promptly filled at cost and rates. Address as above. FRANK CARTER, Superintendent.

THE BEST MOUNTAIN COAL! LAUREL COUNTY COAL! GOODEN & STEPHENS, FISH POINT, KENTUCKY. This is the best coal in the mountains of Kentucky. All orders promptly filled at cost and rates. Address as above.

SAVE YOUR EYE-SIGHT By buying a pair of LAZARUS & MORRIS PERFECTED TRADE PALACE. THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE THE CASH STORE

J. S. HUGHES, WITH J. M. ROBINSON & CO. Importers and Jobbers of Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods, NOTIONS, DRESS GOODS, ETC. No. 211 and 213 Main Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT! On Tuesday, December 1st, 1874, a certain storehouse and lot, belonging to the estate of Harvey Helms, located in Shelby City, Boyle County, Ky., purchased by said H. Helms of Taylor, and was at one time occupied by H. Helms, who is a storekeeper. The premises are of six and twelve months, purchase existing bond with good security, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent, per annum, a lien being retained upon the property to secure payment of the purchase money. A. K. DENNY, Special Commissioner.

PUBLIC RENTING OF A Lincoln County Farm! As special commissioner of the Lincoln Circuit Court, I will, on Wednesday, December 24, 1874, rent to the highest and best bidder, upon 2 1/2 years, the farm on which Harvey Helms resides, in Lincoln county, on the waters of Kink Lake and Hanging Rock creeks for the year 1875. Said farm will be rented in two or more parcels. Bidders will be found with good and approved security for the rent money. Said farm

CONTAINS 680 ACRES of land, and is finely watered. About 500 acres of said farm are set in excellent grain. At the same time and place I will sell ready-made shares of stock in the Stanford & Knob Lick Turnpike Road, on a credit of sixty days. A. K. DENNY, Special Commissioner.

NOTICE! All persons having claims against the estate of H. Helms, are hereby notified to present such claims to the undersigned commissioner on or before the 1st day of December, 1874, properly verified as required by law. Special Commissioner of H. Helms's Estate.

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MAIL DIRECTORY.

Mail for Louisville, Ky., at 8:30 p.m., and for Lexington, Va., at 9:00 p.m., will be carried by the Louisville and Nashville mail train, leaving at 8:00 p.m. Mail for Lexington, Va., leaves at 8:00 p.m. Mail for Louisville, Ky., leaves at 8:00 p.m. Mail for Lexington, Va., leaves at 8:00 p.m. Mail for Louisville, Ky., leaves at 8:00 p.m.

BOATING CHIEFS.

Boat owners are requested to call on the following:

J. R. HUGHES repairs saddles and harnesses.

LARRY CARR in variety, both in and out of the city.

Geo. D. WEAVER wants to buy 500 bushels corn, old or new.

Five thousand old papers for sale at this office—at ten cents per dozen.

100 bushels of Virginia tobacco at wholesale, by S. B. Matheny & Co.

A large lot of Virginia tobacco at wholesale, by S. B. Matheny & Co.

100,000 cigars in stock—best brands—wholesale or retail at S. B. Matheny & Co.

MONEY saved by ordering tobacco, cigars, groceries, whiskies, and powder of Matheny & Co.

WANTED—1,000 dressed turkeys delivered to me on Nov. 28, for which I will pay 5 cts. Geo. D. Weaver.

G. H. ENSEL is just receiving the largest and most complete stock of goods ever brought to the Somerset market.

Jim DUDDERAR is determined to give stoves and grates so low that nothing can be saved by buying at retail in Louisville.

J. R. HUGHES, saddler and harness maker, shop over Chenault's drug store, wants the trappers to look at his work and learn his prices.

The Stanford Mills, owned by R. Mattingly & Co., will grind wheat and corn for one-eighth toll, the same toll that water mills take.

WHY DO THEY CONTINUE to go to Julius Winter & Co., Louisville, because their clothing is first class and sold at reasonable prices.

THE READY MADE CLOTHING at J. Winter & Co., Louisville, is all home made of a superior quality and sold at a cheap price in the city.

REMEMBER THE GREAT REDUCTION in prices at the old clothing house of Julius Winter & Co., Louisville. Give them a call when you go to the city.

TO THE LADIES—Mrs. L. Beasley, Fashionable Milliner and Hatter, makes, repairs, cleans, and dyes hats. Give her a call when you go to the city.

THE ELIZABETH STORE OF CLOTHING at Julius Winter & Co., 3d & Market streets, Louisville, is unsurpassed in style quality or price by any house in the city.

We call particular attention of the ladies to the beautiful and exclusive stock of shawls of the very latest styles and patterns, scarfs and boulevard shirts new styles.

ANOTHER WARNING TO THE UNWISDOM—Do not delay but get at once to G. R. Waters, agent of the Old Phoenix Insurance Company, and take out a Policy on your property.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to wedding clothes at the great clothing house of Julius Winter & Co., Louisville. Suits gotten up on short notice and in the most approved style.

L. & R. P. Co., the mammoth powder company of the world, S. B. Matheny & Co., agents, Louisville, Ky. Magazines at Stanford and Point Isabel, 5,000 kept blank powder on hand.

FOR SALE—A 26-inch corn mill, "Queen of the South" in good running order. Also a Gardner Saut Mill, used but a short time, for sale at the Stanford Woolen and Spinning Mills. Address: R. Mattingly & Co., proprietors, Stanford, Ky.

LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY. You are cordially invited to examine the extensive assortment of men and boys' clothing at the great clothing house of Julius Winter & Co., Louisville, before you buy elsewhere. You will save money by doing so.

G. H. ENSEL has the finest and most fashionable stock of silk and cashmere scarfs, lined, kid, and riding gaiters, fine jewelry sets, and necklaces of various kinds, and innumerable fancy articles and notions suitable for Christmas presents.

The most beautiful ornamental and attractive as well as the most useful and available Christmas presents for Christmas presents.

We have burning coal this week from the mines of W. R. Dillon at Pine Hill, and the same quality of coal, better, burns longer, and leaves less ash and cinders than any coal we have seen this season. G. H. ENSEL is the agent for the sale of this coal at Stanford.

If you want the best quality of goods and the cheapest bargains, go to G. H. ENSEL. He will pay you to examine his goods whether you purchase or not. He has just received the largest and most complete stock of selected stock ever seen in Somerset, and this extraordinary, accommodating gentleman defies competition in all respects.

We cheerfully from the sale book of Jas. A. DUDDERAR, tinware and stove dealer, that he has sold during the past few months forty-two cook stoves, and a number of heating stoves. His prices are very reasonable, and he is so accommodating that it is a real pleasure to spend money with him. If you need a stove of any description, order it from DUDDERAR.

FRUIT TREES—Those who contemplate planting fruit or ornamental trees next spring will do well to patronize Mr. Hale and Mr. Merrill who are just commencing a canvass of this county for spring delivery. The trees which they have just received at Highland and Kings Mountain Nurseries were first class and gave entire satisfaction to purchasers. Buy of them and you need have no fear of being imposed upon. Reference: Hugh Barnett, Kings Mountain Nursery; H. F. Young, Highland.

MEETING PUBLIC REQUIREMENTS. The efforts of the managers of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Shore Line to meet the requirements of the traveling public has resulted in a large increase in through passenger business, which has kept up admirably, notwithstanding the dull times, mainly attributable to the extensive improvements made in the last two years, costing over two million dollars besides earnings. The company is now running five of their magnificent day coaches which are fitted up with Buck's reclining and adjustable chairs, and dressing rooms with every desirable toilet convenience.

without any extra charge. Ten more of these superb coaches, to supplement ordinary cars, are in process of construction, each of which will be finer than the preceding ones. Great attention is given to safety, the coaches being provided with Buck's platform and complex, to prevent telescoping and oscillation. Watchmen patrol the line day and night, before and after the passage of each train, to see that everything is in good order. This system of watchmen gives this road extraordinary exemption from accidents, and especially so from the fact that the impaired line has been replaced this season by the best quality of new steel and iron rails, laid on broad, new ties. This road continues to run six fast express trains, two more than any other road between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and the only line running through coal between Louisville and Omaha. For tickets apply to any ticket agent selling through tickets to the West, and for maps, circulars, and time tables address either D. Teller, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. M. Reynolds, Pittsburg, Pa.; F. A. Palmer, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. F. McCarthy, Cincinnati, O.; or P. R. Grant, St. Louis, Mo. either of whom will furnish any information desired.

HOME JOTTINGS.

ROSE—To the wife of D. B. Bowman, on the 14th inst., a daughter—Joie.

It is reported to us that the corn is rotting in the fields, in the west end of the county.

Rev. W. W. HARRIS, late of Texas, will preach at the Baptist Church, Stanford, on next Sunday morning.

JAS. H. WALLACE, bought of Evan Waters, the "Fields Place" on the Danville and Stanford turnpike, dwelling, blacksmith's shop, and 8 acres of land, for \$1,025, cash.

Rev. JACOB DUTCHER closed his series of discourses at the Methodist Church on last Sunday evening. His words of wisdom and profound learning is still the subject of remark among those who attended his meetings.

THE National semi-religious holiday was in no public way kept in Stanford. Merchants did not even adopt the usual observance of the day, viz: Close the shutters and open their doors. No preaching, and so far as we know, no turkey.

HON. J. C. UNDERWOOD, candidate for Lieutenant Governor before the next Democratic State Convention, was in town this week. He has been making a very thorough canvass of the State, and feels much encouraged with his prospects for the nomination. Mr. Underwood is a young man of acknowledged ability and would fill the position to which he aspires with efficiency and honor. He is a light talker, and in his nomination would make a thorough canvass of the State, especially the Ninth District, which he thinks is Republican for the want of Democratic attention.

The country will watch the developments of the Kuklux investigation now going on in Fayette county with bated breath and nervous anxiety. Two witnesses, very respectable men, Dr. J. G. Gordon and David Kent, residing in the neighborhood where the outrage took place, were before the County Court of Fayette the other day. Dr. Gordon attended the deceased Dr. East. Mr. Kent's home was visited by some of the band for water and clothes for the wounded man. Both gentlemen admit a knowledge of those who made the application in each instance, but refuse to divulge their names, not because they sympathize with the men who did the unlawful business, but through fear of violence from the band who they do not know. The recalcitrant witnesses were sent to the county jail for contempt, and will be brought before the Court every thirty hours, and upon their refusal to testify, may be recommended and so on ad infinitum. The question is, will the Court weaken, or use the power of the law to force testimony?

FIRE IN STANFORD.

Incendiaries and Plunderers about — Attempts Made to Burn the Town — The Warehouse and Property Burned — The Incendiary Torch Applied to the Courthouse and Other Buildings of Great Extent — A Great Extent of Destruction.

On Wednesday morning last, a few minutes after 2 o'clock, the large, lively stable attached to the Bruce Hotel, about the center of Stanford, was discovered in flames, and the citizens of the town were unceremoniously called from their deep slumbers to contend the ground with the monster element of desolation. The brick portion of the building was enveloped in flames when the alarm was given, and the wind blowing hard from the North, it required the most heroic efforts of the citizens aided by a dozen Clampton Fire Extinguishers, to confine the fire to the locality of its origin. On all sides of the burning building were stables and other out-buildings—perfect tinder boxes—and but for the presence of a shift of snow on the roofs of the houses, and the joistings, and the water extinguishers, a general conflagration would have resulted. The brick portion of the stable was occupied by the proprietor of the Bruce Hotel, and the frame portion occupied temporarily by J. E. Bruce as a livery stable. In the brick part and shed attached, three horses, one mule, two cows, and six buggies, together with a lot of harness and provender were burned. In the frame part were eight horses, all of which were saved. A small stable and corn crib adjoining the frame part, belonging to Thos. Buford, was also burned, entailing considerable loss upon him. Aggregate loss \$2,500. No insurance.

It will be remembered that a short time ago a stable occupied by Mr. J. E. Bruce, together with other stables, were burned, the fire originating in Bruce's stable, and generally supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. It may be possible that his old enemy is following him up intent upon effecting his ruin by the aid of the torch. This was the universal belief until it was discovered after daylight that a torch had been applied to a small shed shed between the store-rooms of the Messrs. Shanks and D. W. Vandever, a place previously favorable for the incendiary's torch, and which, if once thoroughly ignited, most inevitably destroy two or three blocks of frame buildings. And still another attempt was made to make us homeless and homeless. While the stables were burning a burning broom was found in the hall of the Courthouse, sitting against a book-case filled with papers, books, etc. The impression prevails that the fiends were bent on plunder, and it is rational to suppose that they will not be satisfied with the one attempt. The authorities are on a well-marked trail and may succeed in detecting the guilty person or persons. In the meantime there is but one course to pursue: A watch must be kept on the alert.

The efficacy of the hand extinguishers recently purchased by the town has been satisfactorily tested. We cannot have too

many of them, nor can we commend them too highly to neighboring towns. It would be the part of wisdom to learn a lesson from each warning we receive. It is plain to every observer at the fire last Wednesday night that organization is needed, and that ladders, hooks, and buckets are indispensable auxiliaries in fighting fire. Shall we supply these deficiencies in our "fire department?"

STOCK AND CROPPERS.

SOME little animation in the mule market. No local trade in cattle this week. About 200 head of hogs sold in this locality this week at \$6.80 to \$7.00. Pork selling at 8 cts. net. Turkey 8 cts. net.

CATTLE dull in city market on account of hog-dogs. Hog market keeping up well, and receipts large during the week; \$7.90 being the highest price paid for extra hogs, and \$7 to \$7.25 for light weights.

PULASKI COUNTY NEWS.

BY WILL C. CURD.

SOMERSET, KY., Nov. 23, 1914.

In the first place we will inform Messrs. H. & C. that we desire no "back pay," and further that we have not deserted the INTERIOR JOURNAL. The worthy gentlemen may feel a little guilty themselves; if so they must fight their own consciences; we will not become their prosecutor, as we have enough offenses to inquire into at home these R. R. times. Our failure to drop the R. R. times must not be attributed to a desire on our part to desert so good a paper as the JOURNAL, or to neglect its many readers who desire to be kept in the know of the county of Pulaski, but simply for the want of time and opportunity. A large portion of last month we were absent from home. Within the last few days we have met in our town with the railroad contractors at work in our county, all of whom seemed to be in excellent spirits—meeting our merchants, farmers, their many hands and employees with open hands and full pocket books. Work on the railroad in our county is progressing rapidly, and many of the contractors will have their sections completed before the time allotted expires. The covered depot has at last been located about one half mile South of Somerset, at the junction of the Monticello and Point Isabel roads. On Saturday last, while a number of men were engaged at work in a deep cut, on the work of McKay Bros., C. S. R. R., about fifteen miles north of Somerset, the bank gave way, killing three of them instantly, breaking both legs of another and seriously wounding others. We have not learned the names of the unfortunate men. Our present county Judge has rejected each and every application made before him for hotel license with the privilege of selling liquor along the line of the railroad, and from his decision two of the applicants have appealed to the Circuit Court. The rains of the past few days have caused a considerable rise in Cumberland river, which will again open steamboat navigation between Nashville, Tenn., and Point Isabel. A match game of base ball was played in Somerset on Saturday last between the Flatlick Red Lightnings and the Somerset Juveniles or Greased Lightnings. Score: Somerset Juveniles, 40; Flatlick Red Lightnings, 16. The young men composing the Red Lightnings left our town soon after their defeat somewhat crestfallen, while the Juveniles were more than jubilant over their unexpected success, but we fear that their feathery feet must soon fall if they go from their own play ground. We advise them to stay at home. Married—at the residence of E. F. Parker, 4 miles South of Somerset, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. W. H. H. Ditzler, Mr. Lewis Coffey, of Wayne, to Miss Sophia Boster, of Pulaski. We claim the privilege of congratulating the happy couple, and may their future be one of prosperity and unalloyed bliss. Lewis is a noble-hearted, good boy, and we are truly glad to know that he can now claim as his own one so beautiful and worthy as Miss Sophia. A called notice of the Pulaski Circuit Court for the trial of equity and criminal cases commences on the 26th Monday in next month. Our courageous Town Marshal, Spencer Hooper, brought an unruly Irishman of fighting renown to bay on last evening, who had defied the town to arrest him, by bringing into close proximity to his head a single barrel persader something under two feet long. Spencer held it in both hands and looked as if he meant business, and no doubt he did, and soon had Paddy under marching orders towards the Police Judge's office. He dealt with according to law. You had better keep quiet when Spence is in the way. Go to G. H. ENSEL's and W. A. Collier's and examine their large stocks of goods consisting of anything and everything you may want in the mercantile line. Quick sales and small profits is their motto. Ensel can beat the world in selecting Christmas tricks—for example look into his windows and show cases.

CASEY COUNTY NEWS.

LIBERTY KY., Nov. 25th 1914.

Circuit Court is in session this week. The new Judge, Commonwealth's Attorney and Clerk perform well. Judge Owsley gave the best charge to the Grand Jury that Casey county has heard for years. Hogs are selling from 5 cts to 6 cts per pound. Corn at \$2.50 per barrel. Our friend F. W. Roy will soon have his new mill completed. When completed it will be a great acquisition to this part of the county. The Marten-Wallace trial has been concluded, it resulted in the acquittal of all the parties concerned. Liberty is real anxious for a shoe-maker. If one would "set up a shop" here he would do well, and we are also in great need of a drug store, none nearer than fifteen miles. MINNIE BROS.

That Corn Show.

PREMIUM LIST.

For the largest and best six ears of white corn—one year's subscription to the INTERIOR JOURNAL and Farmers' Home Journal.

For the largest and best six ears of mixed pollen (white and yellow, red and white, etc.)—the INTERIOR JOURNAL and Southern Agricultural (State Grange) one year.

For the largest ear of corn—the INTERIOR JOURNAL and American Agriculturist one year.

Entries free, and may be made at any time between this date (Oct. 16) and the second Monday in December.

HUTTON & CAMPBELL.

DISTRICT OF KENTUCKY.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

AT BRYANTSVILLE.

On the 25th day of November, 1914, The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of the County of Casey, and State of Kentucky, within said District, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition by the District Court of said District.

C. J. STELMAN, Assignee.

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To The Farmers and Grangers of Pulaski County.

JUST RECEIVED AT

G. H. ENSEL'S STORE,

SOMERSET, KENTUCKY,

A MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS!

Consisting of Everything You Want!

TO BE SOLD AT FARMERS' AND GRANGERS' PRICES!

AND YET LOWER FOR CASH.

GO TO THE DUTCHMAN'S STORE AND SEE

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPREHENSIVE STOCKS OF GOODS!

Ever Brought to Pulaski County.

I have always given my patrons the benefit of reductions in goods, and this season

I HAVE ECLIPSED ALL FORMER REDUCTIONS!

It is easy to talk of sweeping reductions, but if you want to see them

BE SURE THAT YOU GO TO G. H. EN

## THE WIFE.

A wife like an unknown sea.  
Lest known to him who thinks he knows  
Where all the shores of promise lie,  
Where the islands of repose,  
And where the rocks that he must face.

Capricious winds, uncertain tides,  
Drive the young sailor on and on,  
Till all his charts, and all his guides  
Prove false, and vain consent to go,  
And only death is left to show.

Where lay the shadows of the maid,  
No plumed line the wife would find;  
Where round the islands of repose,  
The pulses of the great profound,  
Lies low the treacherous ebb-tide.

And sailing, he becomes, perhaps,  
Discoverer of a lovely world,  
And finds, what may be his course,  
Green lands within white sea imparted,  
And streams of unexplored waters.

Which feed with gold-dust fruits,  
Kept by unguessed flowers;  
Or feed the lips of green buds  
That bloom and bloom among the trees,  
Whose wind-blown buds and leaves are late.

The maiden free, the maiden free,  
Can never, never be the same.  
A new light springs out from the dead,  
And with the sparkling of a name,  
A breath upon the marriage-bed.

She finds herself a something new  
(Which he learns later, but no less);  
And good and evil, false and true,  
May change their features—his can guess—  
Seen close, or from another view.

Years' growth, beneath a careless touch,  
Endures hardness with a world;  
She holds a truth that may speak,  
So strangely, so chivalrously about,  
That he who loves and pardons much.

Doubts if her wayward will be true,  
When straight before him, power  
The stiffness of the careful stare,  
Of some supreme or crucial hour,  
And stands unshaken in forest path.

A jealous thought, a petty spite,  
Gave to his eyes a certain glow;  
She questions all that may speak,  
And weighs its truth to mark its form,  
Or yields her truth to a mark.

That vex him, or breaks his heart;  
That time is his own;  
And leads a danger to him,  
Or puts his doubting soul to shame  
With love's unguessed and perfect truth.

## A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

Ellipses, comets, and extraordinarily high tides can be predicted with accuracy; there even seems to be a probability that in time the weather will also strike its flag to science, and that moon will be found of disentangling the conflicting influences which send an anemoid up and down. But in the art of foretelling the probable current of public enthusiasm there is no sign of progress. The keenest observer of human nature can no more guess whether the career of any particular soldier, warrior, explorer, or criminal will simply appear in the newspapers and excite the public attention, or will be generally taken up as a matter of national importance than the merest toy can. It was more than a million to one that Robert Jeffrey's wrongs would remain unnoticed, or raise but a feeble and passing interest. He became a popular idol, however—a representative victim of the press-gang system, and the tyrannical customs which naturally grow out of it, and so a very curious story has been handed down to us.

In 1807 a privateer named the Lord Nelson was fitted at Palermo in Cornwall, a place famous for its hardy race of seamen, the entire population being brought up to look upon coast-guardsmen as natural enemies, who might be killed with as good conscience as though they were Frenchmen. The profits of privateering were often greater even than those of smuggling, and the Lord Nelson had no difficulty in gathering together a first-rate crew. Amongst them was a man who had been brought up as a blacksmith, but had found both excitement and profit in an occasional sea trip, and indeed was as good as the tiller as at the forge, perhaps a trifle better.

The name of this amphibious Cornishman was Robert Jeffrey, and his career as a privateer was a short one; for the Lord Nelson, after a few commences of her cruise, was forced to put into Falmouth, where she was boarded by a press-gang. It was a perfectly illegal proceeding; the press-gang had no more right to take a man out of the Lord Nelson than you or I have to break into a house and take the plate-basket. But at the commencement of this century private rights were very little respected unless the public service was concerned, and the person whom it was proposed to injure had plenty of money to purchase influence. Robert Jeffrey had neither, and he was carried on H. M. S. Recruit, and converted into a man-of-war's man quite against his will, and in defiance of his clear and undoubted protection.

The commander of the Recruit was a young officer at that time, well-known in the navy as a reckless, self-willed, passionate man, the furies of whose nature were for ever being kindled by despotic powers and drinking habits. If his normal thirst was not enough, he was now sent to cruise in the Caribbean sea, where the heat of the sun whetted it to such an extent that he was seldom or ever sober, the mildest potation that he used to quench it being spruce beer, of which he kept a cask always on tap in his private cabin.

Before he had been on board many days Jeffrey's proficiency as a smith was discovered, and he was made a gunner. So that there was a fair chance of his making his enforced trip pretty comfortably, and returning after a few months to his native place with a pocketful of prize money after all. But an unfortunate group of circumstances got in the way. The captain was not the only third man in the ship; his armorer's mate, for example, occasionally had a drought upon him, which was considerably aggravated by the extremely hot weather and the small allowance of water served out daily, for the ship was running short of that treasure which we never prize while we have it. During this state of affairs Jeffrey was sent to execute some job in the captain's cabin, and being left alone with the barrel of spruce beer, he began to ogle it. There was drinking-up, which had been used, lying very heavily, the captain was on deck; no one could see him; he was very thirsty! He snatched up the cup, and desisted from his work a moment to draw off half a pint and toss it down. Very good it was, and very refreshing; if stolen waters are sweet, what must pure distilled spruce beer be? Presently another drink was taken with equal success. A third, however, was spoiled by the thick and watery voice of his captain, who had come below unobserved, unnoticed, in time to witness this outrageous act of daring presumption.

It would burn a hole in the paper to write down Captain Lake's remarks upon the occasion. Seventy years ago all gentlemen wore a little; naval officers wore very much increasing in vehemence as they rose in rank; men in liquor swore,

as at the present day, hardest of all. You may imagine, then, what the language of a drunken sea captain may have been when he saw his beloved spruce beer flowing down the throat of a common armorer's mate! The audacious wretch was clapped in irons presently, while his infuriated commander, having refreshed himself, returned to the deck, which he paced with uneasy steps, revelling in his mind what punishment would be sufficient for a crime so heinous. It ought to be somewhat unusual, startling, appalling as the act which it avenged, suddenly his eyes caught sight of a small island, how turns into a jewel by the rays of the sun, which was sinking in the west, and the inspiration came.

"Lieutenant!" he cried.  
"Sir?"  
"Man the gig, and send for that fellow I have confined."

It was done, and then, to the lieutenant's horror, his superior officer ordered him to take the prisoner, land him on the barren rock, and leave him.  
"I'll have no thieves on board my ship," he said.

The captain was evidently the worse for drink and his lieutenant hesitated.  
"Do you hear me, sir?" thundered the astonished commander; and discipline prevailed. Deeply as he loathed the act, the lieutenant had no option but to obey; the crew, though they murmured, did not mutiny, and Robert Jeffrey was put ashore without food or drink. He had his rifle, and one or two small articles of handiwork, and another long stick which he had thought to throw into the boat as they shoved off, for the captain's man to signal with. By this time the sun had sunk, and when the boat returned to the ship it left the poor fellow behind, alone, in the dark.

He fully believed that the captain only meant to frighten him, and bore up pretty well through the night with that idea. But when the morning dawned the Recruit was gone, and he was left in the distance, which slowly passed away beyond the horizon. Then the unhappy man realized that he was a castaway.

The Recruit, indeed, had caught a favoring breeze, which carried her quickly to Barbados, where she joined the squadron under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. Here officers and crew, mingled with other ships, spoke freely of the affair, which presently reached the admiral's ears, who sent for the captain, questioned him, and finding that the truth, as he reprimanded him for his brutality, and ordered him back to rescue the man.

The island upon which Jeffrey had been so barbarously left was one of the Leeward group, a desolate rock called Sombro, and the Recruit got back to it just a fortnight after the event. A careful search was instituted, but all that was found was a pair of trousers, not Jeffrey's, and a tomahawk handle, no trace of the missing man being discoverable.

This result being reported on the ship's return to Barbados, Sir Alexander Cochrane felt satisfied that the man had been rescued by some passing vessel, and let the matter rest for the time. But a good many formed a different opinion, and suspected that Jeffrey had come to some violent end; and when the squadron returned to England the affair was taken up by people at home, and made so much noise, after two years had elapsed, the captain was brought to court-martial, condemned, and dismissed from the service. This, however, instead of appeasing the public excitement, only inflamed it more by the authorities, which were brought to light in the course of the court-martial. The illegality of the man's having been pressed at all—the venality of his officers, especially considering the circumstances of thirst caused by short allowance of water in so hot a climate, and the ready temptation to appease the public indignation in his way, combined with the inhuman cruelty of his abandonment to the star public indignation. Meetings were held, articles written, petitions signed, urging the propriety of endeavoring by all means to discover what had become of the missing man; and Sir Francis Burrell took no opportunity of keeping the question before the government in the House of Commons.

Illegal pressings, keel-hauling, floggings to death were not so very uncommon in the navy at that time as to account for the usually indifferent public's espousing Robert Jeffrey's cause so warmly; but it did so, and made a representative man of him.

The first authentic news came from George Hassel, mariner, who deposed on oath before the Mayor of Liverpool that he had just returned from Beverly, a village in Massachusetts, and a man living there who was nicknamed the Governor of Sombro, whose real name was Jeffrey. Whereupon this Jeffrey was communicated with, and in due time a letter in reply purporting to come from him was received, giving a full account of his adventures.

When the Recruit had quite disappeared, he remained for some time overwhelmed with despair, but after a while he calmed and felt very hungry, so he explored his island to see if there was anything to eat upon it, but could find nothing except birds, which flew away as birds will when he tried to catch them. At last he discovered an egg, but alas! it was an election egg—a very good missile, but not edible. Soon, however, the pangs of hunger gave place to the severer sufferings of thirst, which he tried to appease by swallowing the sea water, and that, of course, made matters worse. But heaven, more merciful than man, sent him a shower of rain, which lodged in the crevices of the rocks, and inflicted the punishment of Tantalus upon him until he thought of cutting the quills, of which were plenty strewn about, and sucking up the puddles as we moisten do sherry-cobblers.

In addition to hunger and thirst, he endured the agony of hope deferred, for ships were constantly passing, but failed to see his signal till the ninth day, when some one on board the Adams, an American schooner, noticed him waving the stick which his handkerchief was tied. The master, John Dennis, sent a boat, and brought him in an apparently dying state, so exhausted as to be unable to speak. With care and kindness, however, he recovered, and was carried to Marblehead, in Massachusetts, where he supported himself by his trade as a blacksmith.

This circumstantial account satisfied people at first, but when the letter was shown to Robert Jeffrey's mother she pointed out that that only was written in a strange hand, but that it was not even signed by her son, who could write well enough, and was very unlikely to

make his mark, as the man who vouched for the genuineness of this epistle had done. This objection naturally carried weight, and many people suspected that the evidence of George Hassel and of the letter had been got up by the captain, who was anxious to prove the man to be alive, and so escape from the odium which attached to him.

Finally the ship was sent to bring this professing Robert Jeffrey to England, where he arrived in due course, and proved to be the right man safe enough, a certain shyness and diffidence which he felt in the presence of the gentlemen who had drawn up his report being the cause of his making a cross instead of signing it. He landed in Portsmouth in the October of 1810, three years after the event which had caused him to become a public character. The admiral forwarded him under the charge of a naval officer to Polperro, where the entire population recognized him, and his arrival was made the occasion of great public rejoicing.

But before settling down in his native place he accepted an offer from the manager of a London theatre to exhibit himself for a certain number of nights, and as it became the rage to go and see "Jeffrey, the Sailor," he made rather a good thing of it. These profits were presently swelled by a sum of six hundred pounds, which was paid him by the family of the captain, the acquittal of whom he might have against that officer, who was still liable to a civil action, and in the state of public opinion was likely to be cast in heavy damages.

After the lapse of a few months, when he ceased to "draw," Jeffrey returned to Cornwall with money enough to purchase a coasting schooner; married, and, if this were fiction, would have lived happily for ever afterwards. But this story, a perfectly true one, which Jeffrey was subject to all those ill effects of ordinary mortals who have never been the subjects of popular sympathy or curiosity.

He failed to make his schooner pay, and he died early of consumption, leaving his wife and daughter in great poverty.

## Concerning Cashiers.

It is some days since the telegraph has brought news of a bank-robbery, with its inevitable concomitant of a cowardly cashier and a gagged cashier's family. All newspaper readers know the old story. Brown, who has been cashier of the Potomac Bank for many years, has been taken to the bank, and the cashier's family has been gagged. Mrs. Brown is waked up and gagged. Miss B. ditto. The domestic ditto. Brown then wakes up to consciousness of himself and a pistol. He is told to rise, and does so, trembling. He is asked where the key is, and tells at once. One man stands guard over him, and the family, while the other takes the key to the confederates in the bank. The messenger returns, escorts Brown to the bank, and by pointing a pistol at him actually forces him to open the vault! The thieves make their haul and disappear. Brown frees himself from his fetters as soon as the robbers are safe from pursuit, and accuses the town. The wretched man, after two years had elapsed, the cashier was brought to court-martial, condemned, and dismissed from the service. This, however, instead of appeasing the public excitement, only inflamed it more by the authorities, which were brought to light in the course of the court-martial. The illegality of the man's having been pressed at all—the venality of his officers, especially considering the circumstances of thirst caused by short allowance of water in so hot a climate, and the ready temptation to appease the public indignation in his way, combined with the inhuman cruelty of his abandonment to the star public indignation. Meetings were held, articles written, petitions signed, urging the propriety of endeavoring by all means to discover what had become of the missing man; and Sir Francis Burrell took no opportunity of keeping the question before the government in the House of Commons.

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## FARM AND FRENCH.

**ASBESTOSITE.**—Frosted grass does not tend to dry up cows. Apples in moderate quantities have no such tendency, but on the contrary may be fed to advantage—especially sweet apples. Potatoes are said to dry up cows also—nothing is more absurd, for they are an eminently milk-producing food, and when small potatoes are not boiled and fed to pigs, the cows ought to have them. Potatoes are well known as excellent milk feed. The seeds, however, are diuretic in their tendency and very likely reduce the quantity of milk.

**RENOVATING BRIGGY TOPS.**—Enamel leather tops which have become hard, but have not lost their color, can be softened and much improved in appearance by oiling them with pure castor oil. The oil is readily absorbed by the leather, and will not dry out in the sun. When the leather has turned gray, apply a coat of blacking, after the oil has struck in, and rub well with a cloth to bring out the polish. Most varnishes dry too hard to be used on tops, shellac varnish being the only kind that can be used with safety, but this will crack unless the coat be applied very thin.

**APPLES FOR COWS.**—All good, nutritious, succulent food has a tendency to increase the milk of cows, if properly given. Apples, when fed to cows, have first been given to small quantities with great specificity, gradually increasing, but never to exceed the moderate quantities which accord with perfect digestion. Cattle sometimes break into orchards, and without any previous injury gorge themselves to repletion and become sick from overeating, in which case the milk is more or less dried up by the fever or disease. In feeding apples special care must be taken to have the fruit perfectly ripe, and to cut them into small pieces, as from their smooth exterior they are more apt to choke cattle than any other food.—*Country Gentleman.*

**CULTIVATING AND GRASSY ORCHARD.**—The Practical Farmer describes an experiment made on the Eastern experimental farm of Pennsylvania in a standard and thoroughly plowed last year. Another portion had been cropped with vegetables until within two years, when it was seeded to grass. Both portions had been alkali dressed with fresh ashes a year ago at the rate of one bushel per year. The trees on the portion two years in grass ripened their fruit sooner, dropped their leaves earlier, and the fruit was smaller than the other. The trees on the portion plowed last year retained their leaves late, the fruit was large and perfect, and sold at four dollars per crate wholesale.

**SPRING HOUSES.**—The surroundings of spring houses are usually of a character that produce, particularly in hot weather, qualities in the atmosphere of the locality, similar to that found in the marshes abounding in malaria. They are usually in low places, abounding in vegetable matter and perpetual moisture, the essential, active agents necessary in the elimination of malarious gases. These gases are known to be of greater specific gravity than pure atmospheric air, and the floor of the spring house, or the troughs in which the milk is placed, usually being lower than the surface of the surrounding ground, they naturally flow into the spring house and constantly over and around the milk, and the latter, by which they are continually absorbed. Were there no other reason, this alone is sufficient to condemn the spring house, and place it with other matters that the march of civilization and science has supplanted by something better.

**WHEAT AFTER TOBACCO.**—It is well understood that the largest yield here per acre of wheat is on land which has been cultivated for tobacco—why is the only good thing that can be said of tobacco? It is a proper question for the agricultural chemist, whether this is from any influence on the soil, which the tobacco exerts, taking up the coarser elements of the manure and leaving those of the high manuring and very complete cultivation of the land, generally given for tobacco? If it is from high manuring and good cultivation, may we not expect such a yield of wheat after tobacco? What might we expect after corn manured as they manure tobacco? What is the limit in manuring for corn, and what is the limit in the product of an acre of corn? There would be great advantage if we should raise five hundred bushels of corn five acres instead of ten, and then harvest from the same two hundred bushels of wheat, without any additional manure. I want to see that kind of farming.—*Correspondence of Country Gentleman.*

**RICH SOIL BEST FOR HONEY-PRODUCING PLANTS.**—Mr. E. Gallup of Iowa, has noted the fact that the soil is most favorable for the production of honey in flowers. The facts he gives are worth remembering. If the atmosphere is moist and warm, and well charged with electricity, then is the time our flowers produce the most fragrance. On the contrary, the air may be dry, warm or hot, and flowers produce nothing. But by heavily manuring a piece of land for white clover or buckwheat, we can cause it to produce honey in a cool or dry season. Manure warms up the land, and it also causes a vapor of moisture to arise from the soil, which does not arise from any impoverished soil. We have noticed this repeatedly. We have seen a row of current bushes that had been heavily manured the season previous, and which were not visited by bees, while a row that was not manured was visited by bees. We have seen a four-acre patch of white clover that had been heavily manured the season previous, covered with bees, while the clover field by the side of it was not visited by a single bee. We have had some buckwheat on poor land and on rich land at the same time. That on the poor land was not visited, while that on the rich land was alive with bees, and fairly scented the air around with sweet white clover. The warm land produced an abundance of forage while on clay soil it produced nothing.

## Household Hints.

**PLAIN CAKE.**—Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, one egg, and nearly half a pint of milk. The powder to be mixed with the flour, and the milk when going into the oven.

**"EVERYTHING GOES WRONG."** said an Illinois farmer, wiping his eyes. "The grasshoppers came, the hired man broke his leg, wife died, the barn burned, and I've rid for three days and can't find a woman who wants to marry."

**CHURCH PROPERTY** is now taxable in the District of Columbia.

**SUGAR CAKE.**—Half a pound of butter, three eggs, milk enough to form a dough. Beat the butter and sugar together, mix the eggs light, and add alternately, so as to form a dough. Roll it out, cut it in cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.

**POTTED OX TONGUE.**—Cut about a pound and a half from an unsmoked boiled tongue and remove the skin. Pound it in a mortar as fine as possible; mix six ounces of butter, a little cayenne, a small spoonful of pounded mace, nutmeg and cloves, beaten fine. When perfectly pounded and the spices well blended with the meat, press it into potted pans and pour clarified butter over the top. A little roast veal added to the potted tongue is an improvement.

**TO REMOVE WARTS FROM HANDS.**—Purchase a dime's worth of spirit of hartshorn; bathe warts, or, if very numerous, that portion of the hand where the warts are, with a small portion of the spirit of hartshorn each night and morning for about three weeks, not washing the hands immediately after. The use of it will not cause any pain unless comes in contact with a cut or a bruise. A cure is usually effected in about three weeks.

**CHARCOAL FOR WOUNDS.**—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: The best simple remedy I have found for burns, scalds, cuts, abrasions of the skin, etc., is charcoal. Take a live coal from the stove, pulverize it, apply it to the wound and cover the wound with a rag. The charcoal absorbs the fluids secreted by the wound, and lays the foundation of the scab; it also prevents the rag from irritating the flesh, and is antiseptic.

**BREAKFAST ROLES.**—Take a coffee-cupful of new milk, two beaten eggs, half a cup of fresh yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet lard, stir in briskly enough sifted flour to make a stiff batter. They should be mixed in this way at tea time, and covered up to rise. Late in the evening, when the dough is light, mould it out on the board and put back in the pan, and cover again. In the morning tear off, but do not cut, in pieces of sufficient size to twist up into rolls, working it as little as possible; when they put up, bake in a quick oven, and eat them while hot.

**SOFT GINGERBREAD.**—Take a half pint of new milk, a half pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of butter, or salted lard, one large teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water, two well-beaten eggs, a half of a nutmeg, grated, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and one large teaspoonful of ground ginger; mix in sifted wheat flour until it is a thick batter which you can stir easily with a spoon; beat it well together for some time, then pour it into a greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven an hour in a quick oven. To ascertain whether it is done, try it as it is usual to test cake; the same gingerbread can be made by omitting the eggs, and using two teaspoonfuls of saleratus instead of one; dissolve it in a teaspoonful of warm water.

**TO MAKE SUPERIOR MINCE MEAT.**—A Boston lady sends the *German Town Telegraph* the following recipe for making mince-meat, which is now in season. Take seven pounds of currants, well washed and cleaned; of finely chopped beef suet, the lean of a sirloin of beef minced raw, and finely chopped apples (the golden pippin of Smith's cider preferred), each three and a half pounds; citron, lemon-peel and orange-peel cut small, each half a pound; fine moist sugar, two pounds; mixed spice, an ounce; mix well and put in a deep pan. Mix a bottle of brandy and white wine, and pour over the mixture, and that have been grated together in a basin; pour half over and press down tight with the hand, then add the other half and cover closely. This will keep a whole year or longer, and is frequently made one season to keep over for the next.

## The Father of Waters.

Barcroft remarks, in the tenth volume of his "History of the United States," just out: "The Mississippi river is the pledge of the Union of the States of America. Had they been confined to the eastern slopes of the Alleghenies, there would have been no geographical unity between them, and the thread of connection between lands that merely bordered the Alleghenies, must soon have been severed. The gathering of rivers gathers his waters from all the clouds that break between the Alleghenies and the furthest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. The ridges of the eastern chain bow their heads at the north and at the south, so that long before science became the companion of man, Nature herself pointed out to the barbarian races how their portages join his tributary rivers to those of the Atlantic coast. At the other side his mightiest arm interlocks with the arms of the Oregon and the Colorado, and by a conformation of the earth itself, marshals highways to the Pacific. From his remotest springs he refuses to suffer his waters to be divided, but as he bears them all to the bosom of the ocean the myriads of flags that wave about his head are all the signs of one great people. Still larger than kingdoms flourish where he passes, and beneath his steps cities are being founded more marvelous in their reality than fabled eras of enchantment. His magnificent valley, lying in the best part of the temperate zone, salubrious, wonderfully fertile, is the chosen meeting ground of the most various elements of human culture brought together by men, summer through the civilized nations of the earth, and joined in the bonds of common citizenship by the strong, inviolable attraction of republican freedom. Now that science has come to be the household friend of trade and travel, and that nature has lent to wealth and intellect her constant forces, the hills, once walls of division, are scaled, or pierced, or leveled; and the two oceans, between which the republic has unassailably intruded, are being brought together, and the world, being brought together, across the continent by friendly links of iron."

A NEAR-SHOOTED citizen stepped into a butcher-shop yesterday with the intention of ordering six pounds of meat sent to his home, where after sitting down on the butcher's rat-trap, which was lying curled up in a chair, the citizen changed his mind, and went to another shop. It is curious how the purpose of the human mind is sometimes changed by the merest trifle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Departmental Arrangements.

The Washington correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* writes as follows: "There is a ludicrous aspect sometimes to the department clerk's life. He actually has the audacity sometimes to fall in love, and perpetrate matrimony with some girl no better off than himself. She, too, has been in the department, and grows weary of the monotony of her life, and there is something so sweet in the whisperings of love, that she forgets prudence, and after pinching herself for months, she saves enough of money, and has the *etat* of a wedding. Time flies very rapidly, and you can scarcely realize that it is a year since the event when you met the once jaunty girl—now a rather sickly-looking woman, with the now faded silk skirt and modest velvet, sleeveless jacket, is trundling a baby-carriage along the street. The baby is a darling, and the mother has utilized many of her garments that she spent so many hours of the night making for herself, when she was to be married, for the baby's use. A dainty blue afghan covers the little cherub, and this is the only way that mother and child can get an airing, for a nurse is out of the question with their small salary. That poor little mother finds life very hard, for what is harder than to have the sole care of an infant both day and night? There is no one to offer, even for an hour or two, to relieve the poor, tired mother. And then they must be content with such poor, common lodging, such insufficient food, and such ungenial society. She now looks with envy upon her late companions as they weed their way to the departments, and work there now seems so light and pleasant. How nice it was to have money of her own, no matter how little it was, yet it was her own, and she managed to dress and look nicely all the time. Then, too, she occasionally had an invitation to some place of amusement; but now, even though she were asked, she would not leave the baby! Oh, no, far from it. That baby is the most precious object in life, and she would not part with it for a kingdom."

## An Unlucky Inventor.

The New York Sun gives a biography of an inventor who has done more for the world than the world has for him. After making half a dozen scientific improvements in mechanics, any one of which would have made another man's fortune, he has gradually fallen to the position of tender of the stage-door in a New York theatre. His name is Freigh.

When twenty years ago he invented a diving-dress, for which he got \$200,000, about the only reward he ever obtained. He served his apprenticeship at the Novelty Iron Works, and afterwards obtained a position as engineer of the Jersey City Ferry Company at \$600 a year. For inventing the revolving gear for ferry boats, the Superintendent gave him a pair of patent-leather boots; for inventing an apparatus to heat water by waste steam and save ten per cent of fuel, he received a double-barrel shot-gun; when he built a model for a Spaniard who wanted a boat of light draught and immense carrying capacity to navigate the shallows of the Amazon, and was about to sign a contract to construct a flotilla of such vessels, the Spaniard was murdered in a cigar store; when four years later, he invented a "combination gauge," to indicate the action of the disease of the heart, which, at the time, was the "hot-well," and the density of the water in the "hot-well," and the density of that in the boiler, a Scotchman stole his discovery and patented it in his own name; when he compounded a lubricator for locomotives the general supply agent of the Erie railroad refused to accept it unless he was paid a bonus of \$6,000. And, lastly, after a day had been appointed by Jim Fisk, Jr., in which Freigh was to receive \$50,000 for stock and money for the secret of the compound, Stokes interfered and murdered the only man who had ever promised him fair treatment. To such a man the fates have done their worst.

## The Harkniss.

**NEW YORK.**  
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